

# Harry Rotter and the Goblet of Spunk

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## Chapter 1

### *The Baby on the Doorstep*

Mr and Mrs Muggle, of number four, Privates Drive, were proud to say they were perfectly normal, and not the usual psychopathic scumbags who live next door, thank you very much. They were the last people you'd expect to be involved in anything strange, unusual, bizarre, perverted or incestuous, because they just didn't abide such nonsense, being the boring couple they were.

Old Muggle was the director of a firm called Gruntings which made sex dolls for the sexually deprived and socially insecure folk of this little neighbourhood. He was a big beefy man with a seven inch cock and hardly had any neck. His head resembled his bell-end in that it was round, smooth and shiny, completely absent of any hair, although he did have a large moustache. His wife was tall thin and blonde with massive tits that were exactly parallel with Mr Muggle's eyes whenever he stood facing her. In fact, that was all he could see. He would often end up with two black eyes if she bumped into him, and if she pressed her body against her husband he might very well be suffocated by those two enormous orbs, and possibly drown in her cleavage. Due to their difference in height, it meant every time she was telling off her husband he had to look up to her; after a good ten minutes he would end up with a sore neck. She had nearly twice the amount of usual neck which came in very useful sometimes. She could crane her head between her legs and lick herself out when her husband refused to do her such honours. The Muggles had a small boy called Dunce and, in their opinion, there was no other self-serving, opinionated sod anywhere else in the world.

The Muggles had everything they wanted, but they also had a secret (Mr Muggle loved to bang Mrs Muggle anally) and their greatest fear was that someone would discover this vice. Also, they didn't think they could bear it if anyone found out about the Rotters. Mrs Rotter was Mrs Muggle's sister, but they hadn't shagged each other for several years. Mrs Muggle pretended she did not shag her sister or even have a sister, because her sister and her fucking egotistical husband (who had a much bigger cock

than Mr Muggle) were as unMuggleish as it was possible to be. The Muggles shuddered to think what the fucking nosy neighbours would say if the Rotters came on the street, especially Mrs Muggle. No doubt her flaps would be positively quivering with fright at the very sight of them. The Muggles knew that the Rotters had a son, too, but they had never seen him, nor touched him, nor gone down on him, nor kissed his little arse. And because he took after his father, i.e. he had a big cock, the boy was a good reason for keeping the Rotters away as Mrs Muggle was afraid he might try it on with her, her husband, or even her son; they didn't want Dunce mixing with a child like that. He could be a very bad influence and pervert the poor boy.

When Mr Muggle and Mrs Muggle woke up, after he'd been banging her all night, on the dull, grey Tuesday when our laborious story starts, there was nothing about the cloudy sky outside to suggest that strange and perverted things would soon be popping up all over the country. Mr Muggle hummed as he picked his nose and Mrs Muggle applied more Anusol cream liberally round her anus to ease the pain so she could walk down the high street later without wincing. She got Dunce into his high chair; he was moaning and groaning as she gave him a good handjob.

None of them noticed a dirty old man streaking past their window.

At half past eight, Mr Muggle stopped picking his nose, pinched Mrs Muggle's bum-cheek, and tried to suck Dunce off but missed his knob (it was that small) and sucked his foot instead. Besides Dunce was too busy playing with himself, and if he wasn't allowed to, he would often spend the day having tantrums and end up throwing his seed all over the place. 'Little dyke,' chortled Mr Muggle as he did up his flies and left the house. He got into his car and backed it into the lamp-post outside number four, again.

It was on the corner of the street that he noticed the first sign of something peculiar: a twelve year old boy was jacking off over a cat. For a second, Mr Muggle didn't realise it was a cat, for it was black with unkempt fur, and looked just like the wife's fanny. Then he jerked himself off as another cat, this time a tabby, started muscling in on the action. Its long tongue was lapping at the black cat's rectum and licking all the juice where the boy had been trying to bugger it. What a gorgeous rectum, Mr Muggle thought, and was tempted to have a go himself. Mr Muggle had another wank instead and shot his load as he stared at the cat. 'Hmm, nice pussy,' he purred, and drove around the corner and up the road, still looking at that cat in his mirror. It was now reading the latest issue of *Playkitten*. No, *looking* at the magazine: cats can't read, but this one was poring over the centre-spread and having a good wank. Mr Muggle gave his knob a little shake to get the last of the spunk out of it, tucked it away, and put the cat's rectum out of his mind. As he drove towards town he thought of nothing except a large collection of rectums he was hoping to play with later that day.

But on the edge of town, rectums were driving him out of his mind until he was distracted by something else. As he sat in the usual morning traffic jam, he couldn't help noticing there seemed to be a preponderance of tits. Tits in tight dresses. Tits in tight tops. Tits not encumbered by bras. Big tits, small tits, black tits, white tits. Everywhere he looked all he could see was tits. Mr Muggle couldn't bear women who didn't wear bras. It was so distracting, these get-ups you used to see on women, but not anymore. Here they were practically out in full view. They might as well not be wearing any clothes at all. He supposed this was some stupid new fashion. He got his cock out again and rubbed it all over the steering wheel, then slapped it against the hard surface a few times to knock it senseless until his eyes fell on a small bunch of tits huddled close by. They were jutting out. He could imagine them all whispering excitedly together: 'Ooh, look, there he is, Mr Muggle. Why don't you come over here, big boy, and rub your cock between our nice firm breasts instead.' Mr Muggle was enraged to see that none of them were encased in bras. And they were all much younger than him, mere girls. The nerve of them! Then it struck Mr Muggle this was probably just his imagination—the silly sod—but these tits were obviously out for some reason ... yes, to distract poor drivers like him. Yes, that would be it. The traffic moved on, and a few minutes later Mr Muggle arrived in the Gruntings car park, his mind back on rectums.

Mr Muggle always sat with his back to the window in his office on the first floor so he could stare at his Page 3 Calendar from *The Sun* on his wall. If he hadn't, he might have found it harder to concentrate on the newly modified rectums of the sex dolls they were manufacturing. He didn't see all the dirty perverts swooping by in broad daylight, though people down in the street did and were cheering them on. The women pointed and gazed open-fanned as pervert after pervert sped by. Most of them had never seen a pervert, even at night-time. Mr Muggle, however, had a perfectly normal, pervert-free morning. He had spunked over five different people, made several dirty calls and spunked a bit more. He was in a very good mood until lunch-time when he thought he would stretch his knob and walk it across the road and buy the latest issue of *Mayfair* from the newsagent opposite.

He'd forgotten all about the tits earlier until he opened the mag. More tits, lots of tits, and passed a group of them next to the newsagent. He eyed them lustily as he walked by. He didn't know why, but they made him horny. He was a bum-man, not a tits-man, and again he imagined they were whispering excitedly; he couldn't see a single bra in sight. It was on his way back past them, clutching his dirty mag in a brown paper bag, that he thought he caught a few words of what they were saying.

'Oh, fondle me, Mr Muggle.'

'Yeah, Mr Muggle. Why don't you get your mitts on my tits.'

'We're all yours, Mr Muggle.'

'Yes, just like Mr Rotter's son, Harry.'

Mr Muggle stopped dead. Pee flooded his pants. He looked back at the whispering tits as if he wanted to suck them, but thought better of it. Besides, he now had his mag. He could wank all over that instead.

He dashed back across the road, hurried up to his office, fondled his secretary at her desk, and told her that he was going to be busy for the next half hour and did not want to be disturbed: he had a date with his fist. He seized the phone and was about to ring a 0898 number when he changed his mind. He put the receiver down, stroked his knob instead, thinking, no, he was being a silly sod. Rotter wasn't such an unusual name. He was sure there were lots of people called Rotter. Why, his mother used to call every man a Rotter when she was courting as they all wanted to get into her pants but weren't prepared to marry her. Not surprising as she had a horrible, ugly vagina. He knew that because it was the first thing he saw when he came into the world. Even at that age it made him want to throw up. But she did have a nice arse on her though with a lovely rectum ... Got slightly carried away there. Back to our story. Besides there were lots of Rotters with sons called Harry, and since he was only a very young boy, surely they couldn't have been whispering about his nephew Harry. Surely! Come to think of it, he wasn't even sure if his nephew was called Harry. He'd never even seen the boy, or been invited to the christening. He might have been called Harvey (like Harvey Rotter, son of the Pig's Trotters, they called him at school because he was the son of a Jewess, her maiden name being Weinstein). Or Harold (like the one who inspired that song *Hurry Up, Harold* because he was always slow). There was no point in worrying the silly bitch at home, she always got upset at any mention of her slag sister. He didn't blame her—if he had a sister like her he wouldn't even shag a slag like that ... but all the same, those tits on her were rather ....

He found he got a lot harder when he concentrated on rectums that afternoon, so hard he to let his knob out to breathe. When he left the building at 5 o'clock it was still hard and he was worried that it might get caught in the building's revolving doors.

'Sorry,' he grunted as he fondled an old biddy on the way out. It was a few seconds before Mr Muggle realised that the woman was wearing a violet dress with a bra on underneath. Thank God for that, he said to himself, for the last thing he wanted to see today on his way home was more breasts jumping out at him. He had knocked her over. She didn't seem at all upset that he was practically banging her on the floor when he groped her tits and legs trying to pull himself off her. On the contrary, her face split into a wide smile. He could see her gums where she had lost her teeth sucking all those cocks over the years, with blowjob lips to match. She said in a squeaky voice that made passers-by

stare: 'Don't be sorry, you perv. I know you really wanted to touch me. You're the sort of man who can't keep his hands off dear old respectable women like me. Besides, nothing could upset me today. Because if you did try to fuck me I couldn't get pregnant anyway. I went through the change of life a long time ago, my young man. But if you want I will go down on you for a fiver.' She smiled again, parting those big blowjob lips of hers. Then she said: 'Rejoice! You-know-who came up inside me last night. He was banging me so hard my false teeth fell out. Then when I went down on him afterwards he said it was much better without my teeth in, so now I don't even wear them no more. And it's a still fiver if you're interested.'

'No, thanks,' replied Mr Muggles, rejecting her generous offer.

'How about a coupla quid then. I'll let you stick your fingers in me?'

'No, you're all right, thanks again.'

'Damned ingrate. Your nephew wouldn't have said no. So why are you? Even a Muggle like yourself should be grateful that I am offering my gorgeous body to you.'

Then she hugged him round the middle and walked off in a huff.

Mr Muggle stood rooted to the spot, his knob now all flaccid. Merely the thought of seeing the old woman's fanny made him droop. He had been hugged by a complete stranger. Then quickly he checked his back pocket to see if he still had his wallet. He knew what these old rejected biddies are really like. Thankfully it was still there. He also thought he'd been called a perv, whatever that was. He was rattled. He hurried to his car and set off home, all the way there thinking of the wife. She would be lying on the kitchen table, her knickers down by her ankles, her legs spread nice and wide, inviting him in. He couldn't wait to get home. He was so excited he was bashing his meat again, still hoping he wasn't imagining things, because he didn't approve of his imagination: he wanted the real thing instead.

As he pulled into the driveway of number four, the first thing he saw—and it hardly improved his mood—were cats all over the place. Then from the hallway he could see a tabby cat, possibly the one he spotted earlier on. It was in the kitchen and licking out Mrs Muggle. 'Damn that damned pussy. It got there before me,' he cursed to himself. Mr Muggle was very upset, if not jealous. It had to be the same cat as the markings round the eyes were identical. It had a big smile on its face, like the cat that got all the cream.

'Fuck off,' Mr Muggle shouted at it as he barged through the door.

The cat didn't move. It just gave him a stern smile and continued licking out Mrs Muggle.

'That's my wife, dammit!' he shouted again.

'Oh, don't be so upset, my dear,' his wife replied, practically in a swoon. 'He's only cleaning me out, so I'll be all ready for you.'

'Oh, I see. But how long has he been doing that?'

'About five hours.'

'What? Five hours! So this is what you get up to when I am at work all day busy jerking off!'

He tried to pull himself together, still determined not to mention anything to the wife.

Mrs Muggle let out a big sigh as the cat finished and leapt off the table. Her husband watched it shoot out the back door, glad to have the missus to himself now. She was right; her fanny was all nice and clean, no sign of crabs anywhere. The cat had done a real good clean up job. Her pussy tasted even better now. He lapped it up, stuck a couple of fingers in her with one hand, got out his knob with the other and listened to the wife telling him all about the nice, normal day she had, then stuck his knob in her and started humping away. Two minutes later he was spent. She came all over his dinner. Mr Muggle loved it and gobbled it up, then she started telling him about the bitch next door's daughter, how she was pregnant again for the umpteenth time, still only sixteen, and how thanks to her Dunc had learnt a new word ('Cunt'). Mr Muggle tried to act normally, but the thought of the girl next door being pregnant again got him horny. When Dunc had been put to bed, he came in the living-room and wiped his knob in time to catch the last report on the evening news.

‘And finally, perv-watchers everywhere have been reporting that the nation’s pervs are behaving very perversely today. Although these pervs normally come out at night and are hardly ever seen in daylight, there have been hundreds of sightings of these freaks of nature scattering in every direction since sunrise. Psychiatrists are unable to explain why the pervs have suddenly changed their perving patterns,’ the newsreader with the big tits and low-cut top announced, allowing herself a grin. She then blew a kiss to the camera, wiggled her lovely tits and continued, ‘Most mysterious! And now over to Jerk MyPuffin with the weather. Going to be any more golden showers for pervs tonight, Jerk?’

‘Well, Jill,’ said the weatherman, ‘I don’t know about that, not being a perv myself, but it’s not only the pervs who have been acting oddly today. Viewers as far apart as Kent, Yorkshire, even Dundee, have been phoning in all day and telling me instead of the golden showers I did promise yesterday, they’ve had a downpour of spunk instead. Perhaps people have been celebrating early by jacking off everywhere, but I can promise some wet pussy tonight.’

Mr Muggle sat frozen in his armchair with his knob all limp. Shooting spunk all over Britain! What is this country coming to? And who are these pervs anyway? Tits all over the place today whispering to me? Whispering about a Rotter?

Mrs Muggle came into the living room wearing her most fetching negligee, the one that was practically see through. She was carrying two cups of tea, both black, one with sugar and one without.

She lifted up her negligee and clamped her left breast with one hand.

‘Milk, dear?’ she asked.

Mr Muggle nodded.

Then squeezed out a few drops into his cup, gave it a quick stir and handed it to him.

‘There you go, dear, just how you like it.’

Mr Muggle thanked his missus and took a sip. It was delicious. When she started putting her tit away after filling her cup, he decided it was no good. He would have to say something. He cleared his throat nervously. ‘Er—Petal, dear—you haven’t heard from your bitch of a sister lately, have you by any chance?’

As he expected, Mrs Muggle looked shocked and angry. After all, they normally pretended she did not have a slag of a sister, that rich bitch from Redditch.

‘No,’ she said sharply. ‘Why?’

‘Pervy stuff on the news,’ Mr Muggle mumbled. ‘Pervs ... shooting spunk ... and there were lots of tits in town today.’

‘So fucking what?’ she snapped.

‘Well, I just thought ... maybe ... it was something to do with, you know ... her lot.’

Mrs Muggle quietly sipped her tea wondering what he was getting at.

Mr Muggle pondered whether he could be bothered to tell her he’d heard the name ‘Rotter.’ He decided he couldn’t be arsed. Instead, he said, as casually as he could, ‘Their son, he’d be getting on for Duncie’s age about now, wouldn’t he?’

‘I suppose so, dear. Come to think of it, he might be a coupla years older,’ Mrs Muggle replied as she played with her tits, getting her nipples nice and hard.

‘What’s his name again? Bastard, is it? Knobhead, is it? Hung-like-a-horse, is it?’

‘Now you’re being facetious, dear. You know perfectly well what it is. It’s Harry, a common, nasty, shitty name if ever there was one.’

‘Oh, yes,’ said Mr Muggle, his knob going all flaccid again. ‘Yes, I quite agree. Perfectly common, not like us, luv, eh? Them kind of people don’t talk proper like what we does.’

He didn’t say another word on the subject as they went upstairs to prepare for a good shag. While Mrs Muggle was in the bathroom washing her pussy, Mr Muggle crept over to the bedroom window and got his knob out. He waved it at the outside world, all the neighbours, the people passing by, but was horrified to see that fucking cat was still there, and still hungry for pussy. It was staring down Privates Drive as if it was waiting for the local alley cat to turn up and offer her services.

Was he imagining things? Could this story get any worse? Could all this have to do with that fucking Rotter lot? If it did ... if it got out that they were related to a bunch of twats like them, well he didn't think he would be able to beat his meat again.

The Muggles got into bed and wasted no time shagging. Mrs Muggle was going down on her husband, then he went down on her. Strangely, although she had a good wash beforehand, he could have sworn he was still able to taste that tabby cat. After he shot his load inside her, Mrs Muggle fell peacefully asleep. Old Muggle lay awake, his knob still erect and itching. He kept turning it this way and that trying to get the fucking thing to go down. His last comforting thought before he fell asleep was that even if the Rotters were involved, there was no reason for them to come all over him and Mrs Muggle. The Rotters knew very well what he and Petal thought of them and their kind of scum ... He couldn't see how he and Petal could get mixed up in anything like an orgy that was about to go down. He yawned and turned over, his knob slipping inside Mrs Muggle's backside, a nice tight fit. It couldn't affect *them* ...

How fucking wrong he was.

Mr Muggle might have been drifting into an uneasy sleep, but the cat on the wall outside was showing no sign of sleepiness, the randy sod. It was sitting still as a statue, its little prick up and out, its two eyes fixed unblinkingly on the far end of Privates Drive, still waiting for that bitch of a cat to turn up, not even quivering when a car door slammed in the next street, nor when two perverts started masturbating in its direction, a small globule of spunk landing on its ear. In fact, it was nearly midnight when the cat moved at all.

A perv appeared on the same corner the cat had been watching. He appeared so suddenly and silently you would've thought he popped out of the ground. The cat's little prick twitched and its eyes narrowed.

Nothing like this perv had been seen on Privates Drive. The man was tall, thin, and with a very big knob, judging by the bulge in his dress. It was so long he could probably use it as a belt and tie it round his waist. He was wearing a long dress, with a purple flowing cape and high heels. His blue eyes were cold and dark and kept squinting where he had been reading too many porn mags. That's why he had to wear spectacles which hung on the end of his bulbous nose: it looked like a dick, but with a curious curve to it as if it had been broken twice, probably by members of the anti-perv squad. This man's name was Albert Dumbfuck.

Albert Dumbfuck didn't seem to realise he had just arrived in a street where everyone else was a perv, like him. He was not welcome as there were already too many perverts on this street as it was. Even the cats were perverts, that's why the tabby was getting annoyed with this man who was busy rummaging in his dress, playing with his dick, and feeling for something, probably the sore on his bell-end which he got the other night from sticking it in a hedgehog. The little critter's entrance was so small, poor old Albert nearly split it in two. He never realised they were that small, but he did realise he was now being watched. He looked up at the cat and suddenly became aroused. It was still staring at him from the other end of the street. For some reason the sight of the cat made him excited and he imagined it had a nice little anus on it. He chuckled and muttered, 'Come here, my little pussy.' The cat ignored him.

He had found what he was looking for in his dress pocket. It appeared to be a silver cock-ring. He flipped it open, held it up in the air and licked it. He lifted up his dress and clipped the ring around the bottom of his knob and clicked it shut. Still with his dress up, he got himself hard, fisting his knob until he thought he was about to explode. The pressure caused by the ring made him feel like a Vesuvius; he was a volcano ready to erupt. As soon as he was on the edge of ejaculation he pointed his knob at the nearest light and shot his load. It was like a pellet being fired from an air rifle, hitting its mark square on. The light went out. He moved a bit closer, got hard again and aimed at the next light, then let rip. Pop, another light was out, and another, and another till he worked his way up the street, knocking out twelve lights in succession. He didn't think he'd be able to do any more as he was sure he had now run out of ammunition; it was going to take a good day or two to replenish his load. Now the whole of the

street was dark except for two pin-pricks in the distance which belonged to the eyes of the cat still watching him. The cat was now really angry. The man had fucked up its nocturnal routine. There was no way it was going to get its end away now. If anybody was to look out the window, even that nosy bitch Mrs Muggle, they wouldn't be able to see anything happening down on the pavement. Dumbfuck slipped off the cock-ring he called a Put-Outer (because not only did it help him to put out the lights, it also helped him to put his casual partners out of their misery), and set off the street towards number four, where he sat down on the wall next to somebody wrapped up in an old cloak. Without looking, he stroked the person's leg and said, 'Don't worry, you old bat, I'm not gonna try it on with you. I'm all out of juice. Besides, you're not my type.'

He stopped stroking and turned to smile, pulling back the hood to reveal a rather severe-looking woman with horrible tits. They looked like the dugs of a cow and were so loose and floppy he imagined they must be hanging down by her kneecaps under that loose dress of hers. She was wearing a pair of glasses that hung low on her nose, just like him. Her black hair was drawn into a tight bun, and she looked distinctly ruffled.

'Professor McGonads, how the fuck are ya?'

'You old perv, how the fuck did you know I was going to be here tonight?' she asked.

'I guessed you might be,' he replied, not even looking at her. 'Cor, this wall's a bit cold, innit? I'm getting a stiff bum already.'

'You'd have an even stiffer bum if you had been sitting on this wall all night. And now you've gone and knocked out all the fucking lights. How am I supposed to see anything?'

'You been sitting here all night? You should have gone down to the local knocking shop where it's nice and warm. They cater for all sorts of folk down there. Straights, gays, you name it. In fact, that's where I've been, Professor. You'll just have to have a good wank like everybody else tonight. That'll warm you up.'

The professor sniffed angrily.

'Oh, yes, everyone's masturbating all right,' she said impatiently. 'You'd think they would be a bit more careful in case anyone saw them. Even Mr Muggle here has noticed something's going on. It was on the news.' She peered at the Muggle's dark living-room window. 'I saw it. Yeah, there's a bunch of pervs going round, shooting spunk everywhere. Well, these people here ain't fucking stupid. They were bound to notice that everyone's got a hard-on. Shooting spunk in Kent, I bet that was old what's-his-name, Dick Dickhead. He's a compulsive masturbator and never has had much sense.'

'You can't blame them,' said Dumbfuck. 'We've had precious little to masturbate over these past eleven years.'

'I know that,' said the professor irritably. 'But that's no reason to get your cocks out every time a bit of fanny walks by. People here are being downright fucking stupid, doing it out on the streets in broad daylight, not even dressed sometimes, and swapping filthy jokes.'

She threw a sharp, sideways glance at Dumbfuck, as though hoping he was going to touch her up again, but he didn't. So she complained: 'Oi, you bastard, a fine thing it would be if, on the very day You-Know-Who seems to have fucked off at last, and the Muggles here found out all about us pervs, that he really has fucked off. Too much to hope for, is it not, Dumbfuck?'

'It certainly seems so,' said Dumbfuck. 'We have much to be fucking thankful for. Would you care for a quick bit of wick dipping?'

'A what?'

'You know, a shag? It will be a Muggle's treat to see us two banging away outside their property. I'm rather fond of an outdoor romp.'

'No, thank you,' said the professor coldly, as though she didn't think this was the moment for shagging. 'As I fucking say, even if You-Know-Who *has gone* ...'

'Look professor, you stupid bitch, surely you can fucking say his name? All this "You-Know-Who" nonsense. For eleven years I have been trying to persuade people to call him by his proper name,

Fuckwart.’ The professor flinched as Dumbfuck stuck two fingers up her bum, and seemed not to notice what he was doing. ‘It all gets so fucking confusing if we keep saying “You-Know-Who.” I have never seen any reason to be frightened of saying Fuckwart’s name. It is derived from the Old English where people used to get warts through fucking. It is as simple as that. It’s no worse than my name. In fact, you should try walking round here with a name like mine, I tell ya! It is acutely embarrassing because it’s misleading. But I’m not afraid to say it. I haven’t stopped saying my name, have I?’

‘I know you haven’t,’ said the professor, now getting half-excited as Dumbfuck’s fingers probed her deeper. ‘But you’re different. Everyone knows you’re a Dumbfuck. Besides, you’re the only one You-Know—oh, all right, *Fuckwart*—was jealous of.’

‘You fuckin’ flatter me,’ said Dumbfuck, calmly removing his fingers and smelling them. ‘Fuckwart’s got a bigger dick than even I’ve got.’

‘Only because you’re too—well—lazy to get it stretched.’

‘Lucky it’s dark. I haven’t blushed so much since Aunt Mabel got her left tit caught in the mangle.’

The professor shot a sharp look at Dumbfuck and said, ‘The pervs are nothing to all the rumours flying round. Do you know what everyone’s fucking saying? About why he’s fucked off? About what finally stopped him from wanking?’

It seemed the professor had reached the point of climax she was so anxious to reach. She let out a sigh afterwards, her fanny juices leaking out, now flowing down the sides of the cold hard wall. That’s what she had been waiting for all night, for she had never been fucked by Dumbfuck with such a piercing finger before. It was plain to see that what ‘everyone’ was saying, she was not going to fucking believe it until Dumbfuck told her himself. Dumbfuck, however, who was now busy rubbing his cock again, was choosing another finger to stick in her, and did not answer.

‘What *they’re* saying,’ she pressed on, her flat tits now up against his scrawny sides, ‘is that Fuckwart turned up at Godfuck’s Hollow. He went to find the Rotters. The rumour is that Lizzy and Johnny Rotter are—are—that they’re—fucking *dead!*’

Dumbfuck bowed his head and had a good sniff, then inserted two fingers in her twat-hole. The professor gasped.

‘Lizzy and Johnny ... I can’t fucking believe it ... I didn’t want to fucking believe it ... Oh, Albert, yes keep doing that, but deeper, much deeper, ooh, Albert ...’

Dumbfuck reached out and parted her flaps wider, then pushed his fingers in deeper. ‘I know ... I know .... They’re dead, it ain’t just a rumour,’ he said breathing heavily, now getting excited.

The professor’s voice started trembling as she went into an orgasmic spasm. ‘That’s not all. They’re saying he tried to kill the Rotter’s son, Harry. But—he couldn’t. He couldn’t kill that big boy. No one knows why, or how, but they’re saying that when he tried to kill Harry Rotter he couldn’t find him. Also Fuckwart’s knob somehow broke—and that’s why he fucked off.’

Dumbfuck nodded, his fingers now working up inside her. He was getting so excited he was drooling out of the corners of his mouth.

‘It’s—it’s true then?’ the professor’s voice faltered as she started climaxing. ‘After all he’s fucking done ... all the people he’s fucked ... he couldn’t kill the boy. It’s just fucking astounding ... of all the things to stop him ... but how, for fuck’s sake, did Harry fucking survive?’ She sighed, content, having had the best finger-fuck of her life.

‘We can only fucking guess,’ said Dumbfuck, pulling out his fingers now coated in a thick slime. ‘We may never fucking know.’

The professor pulled out a clean lace handkerchief and started wiping herself, then dabbed at her eyes beneath her spectacles. Dumbfuck gave his fingers a great sniff then licked them dry. He took a golden watch from his pocket. It was a very old watch his dad gave him when he was twelve, the first night he was buggered by him and told to keep it quiet. It had hands but no numbers; instead, little pervs were jerking off around the edge. It must have made sense to Dumbfuck, though, because he put



it back in his pocket and said, 'Haggard is late. I suppose it was that bastard who must have told you I'd be here, eh?'

'Yes,' said the professor. 'And I don't suppose you're gonna fucking tell me why you're here, of all places?'

'I've come to bring the little boy to his aunt and uncle. They're the only fucking family he has left now.'

'You don't mean—you can't mean the people who live here?'

'Of course I do, you thick bitch. Why else do you think I'm here?'

The professor cried. She jumped to her feet and pointed at number four. 'Dumbfuck—you can't. I've been stalking them all night. You couldn't find two people who are thicker than us. And they've got this son with a small knob—I saw his mother licking it all the way up the stem. Then she offered to buy him some sweets if he let her do it again. Harry Rotter? Come and live here?'

'It's the best place for him,' said Dumbfuck firmly. 'His aunt and uncle will be able to explain everything to him as he gets bigger. I've sent them a letter.'

'A letter? Like one of them French letters, what they call a condom?'

'No, you stupid bitch. A letter! I've written them a letter.'

'A letter?' repeated the professor, flummoxed, sitting back down on the wall now her panties were dry. 'Really, Dumbfuck, you can explain all this in a letter? These idiots will never understand it! They're thicker than us! Harry, he'll be very famous—a legend—I wouldn't be surprised, knowing the size of his knob. By the time he grows up it's gonna be massive, ginormous, stupendous, prodigious, and so sizeable they'll be celebrating it with a Harry Rotter Day in the future. There will be books written about the size of Harry's knob. Every boy in the world will want to have a knob as big as his, and they will all be baptised in his name, parents hoping their sons will also be well-endowed like him.'

'Exactly!' said Dumbfuck, peering over the top half of his glasses at her tits. 'The size of it will be enough to turn any girl's head. Famous before he can wank! Famous for something he'll always be remembered. Can't you fucking see how much better he'll be, growing up away from all that until he's ready to take it, and become an actor?'

The professor opened her mouth, licked her lips seductively at the man sitting next to her, changed her mind, and imagined swallowing his knob, then said, 'Yes—yes—you're fucking right, of course, but how is the boy getting here, Dumbfuck?' She eyed his dress suddenly as though he might also be hiding something big underneath.

'Haggard's bringing him.'

'You think it fucking—wise—to trust that Haggard with something as important as this?'

'I would trust Haggard with my wife. Nobody would touch an ugly fucker like that except me,' said Dumbfuck.

'I'm not saying he can't keep his knob in his trousers,' said the professor grudgingly. 'Obviously, he's never tried it on with me, but he may corrupt the poor boy. But you can't pretend that he wouldn't try it on with anyone, even a simpleton like Harry, especially if he got to see his knob. He does tend to try it on with everyone—what was that?'

A low rumbling sound had broken the silence around them. It grew steadily louder as they looked up and down the street for a car; it swelled to a roar as they looked further up—and a huge dildo on wheels was hurtling towards them. With a squeal of brakes it stopped behind them.

If that was huge, you should've seen the size of the man bestriding it. He was about seven feet tall with a cock twice as big as a normal man, its girth three times wider, and about five times heavier. It looked simply too big to be allowed anywhere near a poor girl's vagina for it would practically rip her in two. And so *wild*—the long black bushy pubes covering the entire shaft. The man also had hands the size of dustbin lids—they would need to be that big to get their hands round that enormous thing. After all he wouldn't be able to wank with small hands, would he! To balance his weight and stop him falling

over, his feet, encased in leather boots, were like baby dolphins. In his vast, muscular tattooed arms he was holding a bundle of blankets.

‘Haggard,’ said Dumbfuck—who really wanted to call him ‘Hazard’ as he was a danger to women up and down the country with that gigantic knob of his—was relieved he wasn’t sticking it anywhere near him. ‘At last, you bastard. And where did you get that fucking dildo bike?’

‘Borrowed it, old Dumbfuck, off your missus,’ said the big man, now climbing carefully off the dildo so he didn’t damage his balls. ‘Young “Seriously Big” Blackprick wanted to borrow it for his missus, but I told him to fuck off. I’ve got him, you bastard.’

‘No problems, were there?’

‘Nah, none at all. House was almost fucking destroyed but I got him out all right before the girls started swarming round. Reckon they heard about the size of the boy’s knob and wanted too see it for themselves, to confirm all the rumours. He fell asleep as we were fucking frigging round Bristol, spunk going everywhere.’

Dumbfuck and the professor bent forward over the bundle of blankets and pulled them aside. Inside was a naked baby boy fast asleep. He had a thin tuft of black hair. Below they could see his prick. It was snugly sat between his thighs and was already of an enormous size, at least halfway down them. As he got older, the end of his knob would be down by his kneecaps, or so they reckoned. And they could see a curiously shaped cut, like a pair of scissors had hacked it.

‘Is that where they cut it?’ whispered the professor.

‘Yes,’ said Dumbfuck. ‘He’ll have that scar for life.’

‘But he’s not Jewish, is he?’

‘No,’ replied Haggard. ‘We thought it would be much better this way, more hygienic without a foreskin. Saves time having to clean it. And I should know, speaking from experience.’

‘Couldn’t you do something about that scar?’ the professor pleaded.

‘Don’t worry, you thick bitch,’ Dumbfuck replied. ‘It’s still fresh. It will heal soon. I’ve got a scar myself where I was cut. That healed and later I covered it over with a tattoo which is a perfect map of the London Underground.’

The professor looked at him shocked, now wondering how big this man’s knob really was.

Then Dumbfuck turned to Haggard and said, ‘Well, give him here, you bastard. Let’s get this fucking thing over with.’

Dumbfuck took Harry in his arms and turned towards the house.

‘Could I just touch it first?’ asked the professor.

‘No, you can’t, you dirty old woman!’ Dumbfuck reproved her.

‘What about me?’ asked Haggard. ‘Can’t I just say goodbye to him?’

He bent his great knob out of the way so he could lean forward and kiss the little fellow. Then suddenly Haggard let out a loud cry.

‘Shush!’ hissed the professor. ‘You’ll fucking wake the Muggles.’

‘S-s-sorry,’ sobbed Haggard, taking out a spunk-stained handkerchief and burying his snot in it. ‘B-b-but I can’t stand it—Lizzy and Johnny dead—and poor fucking Harry off to live with these Muggle twats.’

‘Yes, yes, it’s all very sad, but get a grip on your dick and you should be all right, or we’ll be found out,’ whispered the professor, patting the end of Haggard’s knob gently which started hardening at her feminine touch. ‘Have a good wank when you get home, luv,’ she told him.

Dumbfuck clambered over the low garden wall and went up to the front door. He laid Harry gently on the doorstep, took a letter out of his dress, tucked it inside Harry’s thighs next to his knob and then returned to the other two. For a full minute the three of them stood there and gawped at the little bundle; Haggard’s knob flopped back down to its normal size, the professor wondered what the boy would look like when he got older, wishing she could be the one to initiate him into the mysteries of

her sex, especially as he got bigger, and Dumbfuck was dumbstruck. The sparkle in his eyes seemed to have gone out. There was nobody home.

All three let out a long sigh.

‘Well?’ Dumbfuck finally asked. ‘That’s that then, innit? We’ve no fucking business being here now. We might as well go and join the others down the pub.’

‘No,’ said Haggard. ‘I think I’d better get back and stick this dildo where it belongs. Your missus must be missing it. She always likes to have something to hand when you’re away from home. Good night.’

Wiping the end of his dripping cock with the jacket of his sleeve, Haggard climbed on the motorbike shaped like a dildo and kicked started it. With a roar he was gone and started jerking off into the night.

‘Fancy a quick one down the pub?’ Dumbfuck asked the professor.

‘No, you’re all right. I think you need to get home and have a good wank yourself.’

‘Aye, s’pose you’re right. I’ll see you soon, I expect, Professor,’ said Dumbfuck, nodding his knob at her. The professor blew it a kiss in reply.

Dumbfuck turned and walked back down the street. On the corner he stopped and took out the silver cock-ring, slipped it on his dick and started firing off at all the lights. One by one they soon came back on, fluttering to life. Now he could see at the end of Privates Drive a tabby cat slinking around the corner, and a bundle of blankets on the step of number four.

‘Good luck, Harry,’ he murmured. He turned on his heel and with a quick swish of his dress he was gone.

A breeze ruffled the neat hedges of Privates Drive which lay silent and dry under the spunk-free sky. It was the very last place you’d expect anything perverted to happen. Harry Rotter rubbed his knob and rolled over in his blankets without waking himself up. One small hand closed on the letter between his thighs and he slept on, not knowing he was perverted, not knowing he was about to become famous, not knowing he would be awoken by that old bag Mrs Muggle and her scumbag of a husband in a few hours time. Mrs Muggle would be screaming as she went to put out the milk bottles by the front door and finding some selfish bastard had dumped a bloody baby on her doorstep. That’s all she needed. Nor could little Harry have known that up and down the country people from film production companies were raising their glasses and saying in excited voices, ‘To Harry Rotter, the man who’s going to make us all very rich one day.’

